



# DETECTIVE BURNS

## TOLD BY THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIVING DETECTIVE

### The Arson Mystery—My First Big Case

socialized in political affairs and worked together in police matters; indeed, it was Barney McCabe who first recognized my aptitude for detective work. He was not slow in telling others that I had a deductive faculty of mind, and so when a notorious election fraud of the early eighties was being investigated, the district attorney employed me to make out a case against the guilty election officials.

This I did, and after that the criminal puzzles of the Columbus police department began to be brought to me regularly for solution. Private cases came along so many, in fact, that I was compelled to leave my father's store and devote all my time to this business that had sprung up for me almost before I realized it.

#### Burns Called to First Big Case.

It was while I was thus engaged, and enjoying myself, that the criminal puzzles of the Columbus police department began to be brought to me regularly for solution. Private cases came along so many, in fact, that I was compelled to leave my father's store and devote all my time to this business that had sprung up for me almost before I realized it.

To be successful, he must have the engaging human qualities that disarm suspicion. He must have sympathy and imagination to understand his fellow-men and move according to their expectations. He must be able to act a part convincingly in his proper emotions. He must have "magnetism" and social address. In short, he must use the tools of the "confidence man," and the difference between the detective and the swindler lies in the honest, aggressive social purpose that makes one the defender of society, where the other is its enemy.

Twenty-five odd years ago, when I was a youth in Columbus, Ohio, my father, who was a merchant tailor, had been elected to the state capital's board of police commissioners as the result of the prominent part he had taken in a campaign for civic decency.

Through my father's work as a police commissioner, I naturally became much interested in the problems of the department. One of the commissioners, Barney McCabe, had been quite a famous detective in his prime. He seemed to take a decided liking for me, and, despite the disparity of our ages, we soon became fast chums. We were as-

tion of so persistently baffling a mystery. But, then, there's no such thing as a "mystery"—if you'll only use a little common sense.

Burns Begins a Hunt.  
The previous detectives had reported that a man named—let us say—Bob Judd, had probably been the driver who had moved the furniture; but they had not succeeded in proving it. They had tried to "rope" him, in fact, that he had failed. He had long since disappeared. I started out to find him.

I found the house in which Judd had roomed—a quiet, ordinary lodging house on a quiet ordinary street; and the mistress of the house was a quiet ordinary landlady. The mystery of the young man who came there to ask for his friend Judd behaved in no extraordinary manner. He was naturally disappointed to find that Judd had left some months before, and that the landlady did not know where he had gone. She thought that he had left town. She did not know the name of any relative or any friend of Judd's from whom it would be possible to learn his address.

"Well, he had a sweetheart, hadn't he?" I hazarded with a confident smile.

"Yes," she said. "He had that. But I don't remember her name."

"Where did she live?"

"I don't know that either. But I mind her father was a carpenter."

Where did he work?

"Why," she said, "he worked, to be sure, wherever he had work to do. He was a carpenter."

"Can't you tell me any one place where he ever worked?"

"I can," she said. "He worked, once, down to the fair grounds—when they were building the sheds."

"Well," I ended cheerfully, "if you see Bob, tell him I was looking for him. He'll tell me where he lives."

"I'm sorry he didn't leave his address."

The End of a Methodical Quest  
I went then to the fair grounds, and asked of the name of the contractor who had built the sheds. When I found the contractor's office, I obtained a list of the carpenters who had been employed on the contract. And the list, naturally, was long.

In the unraveling of almost any "mystery," there comes a time when the one needed clue must be found by a search so tedious that nothing could be more commonplace and boring.

This is another department of practical detective work that does not bulk as large in imaginative literature as it does in life.

My methodical quest began to "run out." My list of carpenters methodically, and I went from one to another, asking news of Judd. After they I arrived at the home of a carpenter named Martin, a small frame house in the suburbs of St. Louis.

Indicate that there was a "mystery" concealed behind the cheap lace curtains of its front windows or the paneled door, and I knocked in a manner altogether matter-of-fact. The girl who answered was pretty, neat, petite, and had a red ribbon in her black hair.

"I'm looking for a gentleman in connection with an important matter," I explained.

"That name is in my mind," I explained. "And I thought you might be able to help me locate him. His name is Judd."

"Robert Judd?"

"Yes," she said. "He's just—he's here now."

And she glanced back over her shoulder.

The cottage had no hall, and the front door opened directly upon the little parlor. There was no one in that room, but through the doorway what was evidently a part of a dining room and living room—I could see a tall young man sitting with his head bowed, his hands clasped in front of him.

At him that the girl looked over her shoulder. He rose, and I advanced to meet him.

"Are you Mr. Judd?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "I'm sorry if I interrupted."

"Yes," said Judd coolly, "and I know who you are. You're another of those detectives. And I want to tell you you can't do business with me. I don't want to have anything to do with any of you. In my opinion, you're a lot of crooks."

I had come without any expectation of meeting Judd, and of course, with no plan prepared for "roping" him. The girl had her hand on Judd's arm as if to restrain him. "This is exactly what I wanted to hear. And that remark was the first step of my approach," I said.

If you're going to gain the confidence of a suspect, you have to go in the same direction as he suspects. You have to get in step with him. Judd had a grievance against detectives. My only play was to have a grievance against them against him.

So, when Judd further had expressed his suspicion of detectives and his belief that they were all "crooks," I said: "That's exactly what I want to prove to you. I'm an attorney from Chicago representing a number of insurance companies. We believe that we've been robbed by these men. We find where you've been paid two thousand dollars and we can't find any report to us."

Judd was a lank and muscular sort of homespun yankee with a lean, shrewd face, clear-shaven. He said: "What? They never paid me 20 cents?"

"Exactly," I said. "But they've got you charged with two thousand dollars. What I want to do is to bring suit and have these fellows arrested."

"Well, he dirty crooks!"

"I can prove this by you that's all we want. And we'll appreciate it very much. Now, I don't want to interrupt your call this afternoon, but if you can arrange to come to the Southern hotel tomorrow morning, my name is Mr. Williams—R. J. Williams—I'm stopping there. And if you can come there tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock."

A Boy Confesses.  
It was finally arranged, in the most natural way in the world, that Judd—who was out of work and had just come to town to "rope" a man—should give a few hours of the following morning to a consultation with the lawyer for the purpose of convicting the detectives of the arson mystery on a charge of fraud.

As I left the house, I did not feel sure that Judd would not change his mind before morning and fail to keep his appointment—in which case it would be well to know where he was looking in St. Louis, so that some new way might be devised for "roping" him. To this end it was necessary to "tail" him when he left the Martins'.

I saw a boy who evidently lived in the neighborhood—a boy who looked ordinarily intelligent, about 16 years old. "Do you live around here, son?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know who lives in that house?"

"Yes," the boy said. "That's Martin's."

"Do you know Miss Martin?"

He nodded.

"Well," I confided, "she's a sweet-hearted little thing. There's a fellow in there calling on her. I want to find out where he lives. Do you think you could follow him up for me?"

"And find out where he goes—without letting him see you?"

"I took out two silver dollars. 'If you find out where he goes and get the number and the street and come to the Southern hotel tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock and tell me, I'll give you three dollars more.'"

The boy pocketed the two dollars. "When he comes to see her. And don't tell any one I got you to do this. I don't want her to know."

"I'll right," he said. He had his eyes already fixed on the door, as if he were afraid that the door might open at any moment, and those three dollars make a wild effort to escape him.

I went back to Furlong's to report progress, and arrange a "plant" for Judd. There was nothing amazing, ingenious or involved in that "plant." There rarely is in any of my expedients; they are usually as simple as I hope they will be effective.

Judd Falls Into the Trap.  
Next morning the boy arrived with Judd's address, and got the promised reward and departed with it. Then I went back to my room to wait for Judd. At 10 o'clock Judd was announced and I ordered the bellboy to show him up.

He came unsuspectingly. I was glad to see him—and said so. And I described how I had located Miss Martin, and how I had got over her details of the hunt for her. I explained that I was trying to find every one to whom the detectives claimed that Judd had paid money. "What I would like," I said, "is to have you run out all these others. I'll give you a list of names, and you can easily learn from them how much the detectives really paid them."

"There can't have been very many," Judd said. "There was only Black's furniture store and Spindler's second-hand store."

"No," I drove one of Spindler's wagons.

"Taking out second-hand goods?"

"Yes. But it was after hours, usually, that I took the things to the houses that the trouble was about."

"I didn't tell the detectives, did you?"

"I didn't tell them anything. The fools thought I was in the game. They were undecisive about buying the things to take me in, and following around the streets after me, that they never gave themselves a chance to ask anything."

"How did you know there was trouble about the houses that you took the second-hand furniture to?"

"I read it in the papers when they burned. And I could see pretty well what was going on. But—well, it wasn't any of my business."

A Narrow Escape.  
It was evident enough that, if Judd had been an innocent participant in the insurance fraud, he had not been a blind one; and in a long conversation—scoring at the detectives and cross-examining Judd—pretending to lay out a thorough investigation of the detectives' blis—I drew out all that Judd knew about the "burning" of the furniture.

"Well," I said at last, "if these fellows knew all you're telling me, I don't see why they didn't make a case."

"They didn't know it. I never told them."

"Then why can't you, in addition to investigating the detectives, reopen the arson case?" And Judd replied: "Well, Mr. Williams, if you want me to, I'll do it. I'll do it for you."

"Good," I said. "You'll need some help, of course. Do you know any first-class detectives on whom you could rely?"

"No-o. I don't."

"Let's go to our St. Louis lawyer. He's got to suggest some one."

And we went—to the lawyer whom Furlong and I had prepared to receive us.

On our way out of the hotel, I saw approaching me a friend from Columbus whose greeting would surely betray me to Judd.

"Judd," I said, "this fellow see you with me. He might suspect."

Judd walked away hastily, and did not look back. I saw a man, I recognized him as a friend, and I warned him to address me as "E. J. Williams," and made an appointment to meet him later. I found Judd again, I explained: "You may run across him in this investigation. I don't want him to suspect that you don't know him. And we proceeded to the lawyer's office."

A Sober Faced Little Comedy.  
There I was received as a Chicago attorney, representing the insurance companies.

"This is Mr. Judd," I said. "I have just employed him to run out the ex-pensives of the detectives, and to find out where they've been paid."

"And he's been astounded to find that Judd walked away hastily, and did not look back. I saw a man, I recognized him as a friend, and I warned him to address me as 'E. J. Williams,' and made an appointment to meet him later. I found Judd again, I explained: 'You may run across him in this investigation. I don't want him to suspect that you don't know him. And we proceeded to the lawyer's office.'"

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he is familiar with every detail of the arson cases. As a matter of fact, he participated to the extent of hauling the inferior furniture that was subsequently burned. I wish to have him make an investigation of the arson cases, consequently, and he will need help. Do you know any first-class detectives whom he could employ to assist him?"

The lawyer replied: "Why, yes, Tom Furlong. One of the best in the country."

"Would he do?" I asked Judd.

Judd believed that he would be satisfactory. We sent for Furlong. And when he arrived and was introduced, he took his place in the sober faced little comedy that was being enacted. He was explained to him. He agreed to accept employment under Judd, and to install him in the office, at a desk, to direct the investigation of the arson cases.

In Furlong's office, later in the day, Judd said to me: "You're not that kind of a detective, anyway. I guess you're the real thing."

I went before the grand jury and made a statement on which the whole band of aspirators were indicted, and among them was the well-to-do proprietor of the furniture store. It was apparently suspected by the grand jury that the unknown "Burns" who made this statement was one of their own number who turned traitor. Within ten days the "traitor" was found dead—murdered—behind a saloon. My appearance at the trial was a shock to the others. They all went to prison, and I went back to the secret service, to which I had meanwhile been appointed.

This St. Louis arson mystery was my first notable case. It was a piece of good luck that Judd proved to be honest. But then, if he hadn't been honest, we would have found some other way to get him.

(Copyright, 1913, by W. J. Burns.)

Next week Detective Burns will tell of "Ulrich Soldier of Fortune," one of the greatest counterfeits the world ever knew.

we took from Judd a detailed statement of his knowledge of the swindle; and it was a statement that supplied all the clues necessary to make a complete case against the swindlers. As a matter of fact, his story was all that we needed. The rest was merely a matter of getting it properly substantiated—with the entries on the books of the two stores and all that sort of thing.

Burns Makes a Confession.  
I remained to assist "Detective" Judd in this collaboration and we became very friendly. We had been working some time together when I confessed that I was not a lawyer but a detective myself.

"No, you don't," Judd said. "You can't fool me. You're no detective. You've seen too many of them."

"Yes I am," I laughed. "But you seemed so sure on detectives when I sound you that way at Martin's I didn't like to tell you."

Judd stared at me. "And all the time you were—"

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## The Test of Time.

Sixteen Years Experience. Over Six Years of Ever Increasing Patronage Right Here in El Paso, the Proof of Their Ability.



TIME—The incorruptible judge of all things, has put the seal of true merit on the work of the International Specialists. For over six years their work has been right before the eyes of an exacting, sternly judging public and the fact that during these years their records plainly show an ever increasing number of patrons, proves far better than boastful tirades "Of what one will do or promises to do," that their methods of doing business and their System of treating Chronic Diseases are topmost of all that Modern Medical Science can offer to the chronic sufferer.

During their sixteen years of general and special practice they have been able to select all that they consider of true merit from the various schools of medicine and have not been too narrow in their views to see the good points in every system, as a result, basing their opinion upon their record of cures they believe their Combined System of treatment the most successful in existence.

THEIR SIX YEARS OF UNPARALLELED SUCCESS HERE IS ONE OF THEIR TRUE GUARANTEES. THEY OFFER THOSE SEEKING MEDICAL AID, a guarantee far more binding and of much more value than any written contract or verbal promise.

There is not a so-called written guarantee in existence, issued by a doctor or medical concern, that is not one sided and all in favor of the doctor—as a result it is an insult to the man of average intelligence who has investigated this matter to offer him an instrument of writing of any kind. The International Specialists always ask and insist upon the payment of their fee, like any other reputable physicians and they always endeavor to make their charges reasonable and protect the patient by treating them for a stated fee, everything furnished. In this way no one can say that they have a patient come to their offices as long as possible because they are getting a fee each visit. It is money in their pocket to cure each patient as quickly as possible. THEY ADVISE THE SICK AGAINST TREATING WITH ANYONE WHO TREATS BY THE MONTH, AND THEY WILL RETURN EVERY DOLLAR PAID THEM BY ANYONE WHO WILL PROVE THAT THEY HAVE TREATED THEM IN ANY OTHER BUT A SQUARE WAY.

### Catarrh

Taking into consideration the fact that there are so many different remedies advertised as sure cures for catarrh of the nasal passages none of which could possibly cure and the fact that so many good physicians claim that it is incurable, one has good reasons for being skeptical regarding any kind of treatment but, when treatment is based upon an absolute knowledge of the cause and that cause can be permanently removed it stands to reason that a cure will result and that's exactly how we cure catarrh, for instance, in the preliminary examination of many patients we find a tumor, a polypus, a spur, an enlarged turbinate bone, a crooked septum or some other mechanical irregularity the cause of all the symptoms, the correction of which is simple, easy and without danger, THIS IS THE REASON WHY WE STATE THAT WE CURE MANY CASES OF CATARRH IN ONE DAY—a statement no one can seriously contradict, because the removal of the cause practically constitutes a cure.

In those few cases, due to repeated colds and the inhalation of irritating substances where there is a simple thickening of the mucous membrane PINOZONE, as we use it, generated by a special apparatus which we have installed produces some remarkable cures in a few weeks' time.

Catarrh of the throat, chest, bronchial tubes, stomach and intestines requires the same painstaking care and attention it does in the nose, and we believe that our system of diagnosis and treatment is unexcelled and this statement is based upon the fact that WE HAVE CURED OVER TWO THOUSAND CASES right here in El Paso, many of whom had been told by good doctors they were incurable and we will furnish any one interested, with a list of names of as many as they care to talk with.

### Special Diseases of Men

In no other class of diseases is our "Ironclad rule," viz. (A correct diagnosis and removal of the cause), more applicable than in this class of maladies, neither is there any other class of troubles that should demand more careful attention and conscientious treatment because this has long been the fertile field of the quack and patent nostrum fakers.

The term, Lost Vitality, is not a disease, therefore, there is no one remedy or combination of remedies that will effect a cure in any case. The weakness is the result of some actual diseased condition which is generally easily diagnosed and removed by skillful treatment, in this way the only rational way of treating this trouble. SOME CASES CAN BE CURED IN A FEW DAYS while others, due to a complication of physical defects takes longer, but what we wish to impress most upon the man of weakened vitality is the importance of a correct diagnosis and give him warning to avoid placing himself under the care of any doctor who claims a specific for this trouble. He is dishonest and a charlatan.

Among the many causes of Decline are enlarged, infected or otherwise diseased prostate gland, chronic infections, Varicocele and hydrocele, all of which respond more or less promptly to scientific treatment and after a removal of the cause our Special Combination of Animal and Chemical Extracts will rebuild any man, no matter how weak or how long the trouble has existed.